

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We are Ambassadors for Christ... Be ye reconciled to God.

VOL. I.—NO. 7.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1847.

\$2.50 A YEAR.

The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

Original.

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Delivered at Newark, Nov. 25th 1847.

BY REV. J. J. AUSTIN, NEWARK, N. Y.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."—Ps. 107: 3, 15, 21, 31.

Gratitude for benefits received, is one of the noblest emotions of the human soul. In the gratitude of the dog to his master, for kindness conferred, we behold a noble instinct of the animal nature, which always answers to the touch of kindness. In the gratitude of the child to the parent, for the parents previous love to the child, we behold the same principle, heightened and purified, and impressing the image of God upon its spiritual nature. And how can we be otherwise than filled with admiration, when we see man, universal man bowing in holy gratitude before the Father, for the numberless blessings and benefactions which crown the labors of the year! In the language of David, then, let us ever pray, "Oh that man would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

In accordance with a time honored custom, the Governor of this great State has fixed upon this day, by his recommendation, as a proper period for the convocation of its citizens, as one great family, around the altar of gratitude and praise to Heaven. His goodness is the ground of our love. He has preserved our lives during the flight of another year. He has continued our health while thousands have gone to the grave. He has verified his promise of a seed-time and harvest, by sending upon the earth, as his messengers, the sunlight and soft showers from the heavens. He has preserved, and possibly brought nearer to perfection, the noble institutions under which we live, the happiest people on the face of the earth. And, we devoutly trust, he is raising and inspiring a truly patriotic nation, for the purpose of diffusing his true freedom through all the nations of the earth. These tokens of this goodness, and a thousand more, demand of us, as a people, a sincere acknowledgment of our gratitude and love. Most devoutly is it to be hoped, therefore, that the pure incense of gratitude, from the great heart of the people of this State, will ascend this day and circle the foot of the Father's Throne, which, interpreted into words shall be, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" And the social view of the scene, how glorious to behold! The farmer drops the implement of toil, and devotes an hour to thought, to meditation, to the praise of God, for the multitude of his past and present mercies. The mechanic leaves the din of the work-shop, and hastens to join his sympathies with his neighbor, that his family is blessed with enough of the comforts of life. The merchant pauses in his headlong race for wealth, and, if he feels aright, pays homage to another god than mammon. The politician breaks from the trammels of his party, and feels that the wants and the duties of all are equal in the sight of God. The student relieves his

throbbing brain, and renders a thank-offering to heaven, that the light of science has dawned upon the world. The devout man praises God, that freedom of conscience is the birthright of every soul, and must be acknowledged in time by the world. All the people, with different thoughts, with different habits, with different occupations, aiming at different objects in life, turn aside, as one, and surround the altar of prayer and gratitude and praise to Him, whose providence overspreads human affairs, and directs the mission of every nation. Such is the social view of the scene on each Thanksgiving day, if the design of its institution be but faithfully observed.

But how many there are, who acknowledge not, even to themselves, their obligations of gratitude to God; whose bosoms are impervious to the lesson, taught in each smile of love from Heaven; whose mole-eyed perception reaches only to a very narrow circumference; whose hearts throb not with a sense of dependence; and and who feel no grateful emotion, and express none, either by themselves, or in the public congregation! Such must plainly mar the beauty, the true sublimity of the scene, which might otherwise be visible on each public thanksgiving day. And why is it so? Because of the so general prevalence of spiritual ignorance in the land. With all our boasted freedom, and elevation, and refinement, we, the people, have but just begun the march of spiritual progression. We have pierced, by the blessed light of the Christian Religion, through the pagan mists which enveloped the Father's throne, and made some small progress in the discernment of spiritual things; but more, far more remains to be learned, than has ever yet been compassed by the mightiest human mind. Truth is one, and ever the same; but the old and giant Error must be driven from the home of man, ere truth can be seen on earth in its full mantle of glory. It is, then, the spiritual ignorance of the people, which confines their gaze to earth and earthly things, and which has buried the emotion of gratitude to God in the bosoms of millions. Only let this veil of darkness be removed, and a great change will soon be apparent. Let the people be correctly instructed in their relations, their duties, their destiny, and new life will be visible all over the face of the globe. Let all see the truth, as one, and the bounding heart of humanity will be too full of gratitude for utterance, and the prayer of the Psalmist will be answered in every human soul. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

But another prominent feature claims our notice. It is the amount and the diversity, of meditation, which will this day be held in concert among the people of this State. At a thousand others the people assemble; from a thousand altars the thanksgiving prayer ascends; from a thousand choirs the hymn of praise sounds forth; and from a thousand pulpits instruction is given. Each assembly is free to choose for itself; each may worship God under conscience, the master. There are shades of difference among the forms of all, among the views of all, among the instructions, the meditations, of all; yet are we safe in saying, we believe, all offer to God in covenant the gratitude of the heart of the people. Upon this point, there can be no difference among thanksgiving assemblies, and it is a happy reflection, that now, while the flame of gratitude to God is alive in our own midst, the same is burning in almost every town, village and city of our State. And what is the sentiment prevalent among the whole? what, but the sentiment of ow

text. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

And are we alone, in the covenant of gratitude to God, as a people? Nay, some twenty of the sister States of this great Republic, feeling alike their dependence upon the God of nations, have fixed upon the present day, perhaps the present hour, to mingle with us, and each other, in the offering of devout prayer and praise to Heaven. What a glorious conception! Sister States, in the same general confederation, based upon a perfect equality, bound together by the strongest ligaments—civil and religious freedom—and casting their all of dependence upon the infinite arm! Oh, what a time is this! worthy the eloquence of angel lips! blessed of the spirit of the Father! When will the nation arise, as one great whole, clothed with the panoply of holiness, and, with reverent head do homage to the King of kings! When will the sympathy of love chain all the States together, and cause them all, with united voice, to speak forth the praises of Heaven! When shall one general thanksgiving day, as each twelve months shall rush into the past, assemble the citizens of the Union around God's cherished altar, in humble reliance upon him; thus giving a strength to its foundation, and its arms, which could brush away with a breath the united armies of the world! "Oh that men (the people of this nation) would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" And now, setting aside farther reflections touching the present occasion, Thanksgiving day, we introduce the sentiment of our text, as the theme of the present hour, —*Gratitude to God, the Duty of our Nation.*

When Columbus returned to the Court of Spain, with the intelligence that his barque had touched the strand of a new world, what a thrill of joy was sent through all the courts of Europe! But not for them was the chief benefit of the Western hemisphere reserved; though its worth to the Eastern world was beyond estimation. Thought and feeling were struggling for freedom, in the minds and hearts of the noble sons and daughters of Eastern oppression. The reformation had broken the Papal power, and the God-like soul of man was elevating its affections to heaven. Conscience demanded a free shrine, where its holy orisons might ascend to God, unimpeded by the might of Rome, and untrammelled by kingly dictation. Where could its place be found? Lo! the Western world! with no eye, but that of love, to look in upon their hearts' devotion! no arm, but that of love, upon which they might lean for support! The simple children of nature might be seen, as shadows, in the distance; but they interposed no obstacle in the bounding hope of our pilgrim fathers. Much labor and suffering and hardship, and danger, must be endured, ere the object of their hope could be obtained; but they would willingly brave them all, with only a patient faith in God. Others might be lured to the western continent, by hopes of gain or glory; but the true fathers of this great nation, sought only civil liberty, with a free shrine at which to worship the Father.

Such were the motives, and such the hopes, which gave character to the first settlements of the colonies, and which led them, in the end, to break away from parental restraint, and establish the foundation of these United States. And how much cause for gratitude to God had the fathers of our nation, for the blessed privilege of thinking with freedom, and of worshipping God as conscience should dictate! And how great are the obligations of gratitude resting upon us, that the cause of our national greatness and goodness were then established! Oh, that our people would thus praise the Lord for his goodness, in thus securing to us the highest and choicest of earthly blessings.

But how shall our gratitude be best expressed? By perpetuating the same freedom of mind and conscience throughout the present and future ages. We know but

little of the worth of free thought, and liberty of conscience, in this our age and nation. We never have been debarred the privilege of searching for truth, and worshipping God by the arbitrary dictum of human power. And as a consequence, we are unable to appreciate fully, the prize for which our fathers suffered. Freedom of mind, and freedom of conscience, the birth-right of every soul, these were the high objects at which they aimed—the blessed boon which they left to their children. Are we duly grateful to God for them? Not unless we will labor, with all our power, to extend them through all conditions of society, in the present generation, and throughout the rushing columns of the future. The general diffusion of knowledge among the people is a noble thing; but the general diffusion of moral principle is far nobler. These constitute the basis of the institutions under which we live. The only surety of the success of our experiment of self-government, rests in the minds and morals of the people. Our safety, as a people, depends not upon bristling bayonets and frowning cannon, but upon a high intellectual and moral character. We have more to fear from ignorance and depravity among us, than from invasion by a foreign foe. We have before us the example of all kingdoms and republics, proving that "righteousness exalteth a nation," while sin is the reproach and destruction of any people. If, then, we are truly grateful to God for our freedom of mind and conscience, we will let that freedom spread through all the present and the future. Every individual of the nation, whatever his color or condition, should be elevated by knowledge, and purified by goodness. If this be not done, our boast of freedom is vain. The men who labor to discipline and purify the public mind and heart, are the only true lovers of their race; and the nation's duty of gratitude demands the fulfilment of the work. Will it not be done? Already a host of earnest spirits have entered the field. The work of education is going steadily, triumphantly onward. The various reforms of the age show, how busy among men is the spirit of the Lord. And if our nation be truly grateful to God, for his merciful benefactions, we will not only express our especial gratitude, on each annual Thanksgiving Day, but we will also use our utmost endeavor, every day, to carry forward the work assigned to us as a nation. True gratitude to God is best expressed, by rendering obedience to his most holy will. You will now permit me to say,

1. Our nation's gratitude to God demands, that the people labor for the development of the natural resources of the soil. From the time of the landing of our fathers on Plymouth Rock to the present moment, the forests have continued to fall before the tide of civilization rolling westward, until a barrier is placed before it by the voice of the mighty Pacific. And what has become of the doomed red man of the wood? He, too, has fled and fallen before the might of developed mind. God without doubt intended, that the selfish and brutal should give place to the intellectual and moral, on the Western Continent—the future dwelling place of a great and good nation. We may lament the barbarities of some of the whites, in their treatment of the Indian race; but the finger of Providence is plainly visible, in directing the spread of civilization and Christianity, the intellectual and moral elements, over the face of the globe. The higher phases of human nature must succeed the lower everywhere, in the great progress upon which the human race have entered. Hence, although we would by no means justify the abuse of the Indian race, yet out of their present evil will God evolve great good. It will be seen therefore, that we murmur not at the Providence of God because we fancy the mortality of any race is sent to the dust before its time. Although true reformers, within our sphere, we should not presume to dictate the manner of the temporal redemption of the race of man. God knows best; and will not the judge of all the earth do right? But let us return to the previous theme—the

duty of our nation to develop the resources of the soil.

It is a truth, concerning which there can be no doubt, that the mighty productiveness of the soil of these United States is only begun to be unfolded. In acknowledgment of this truth, the art of agriculture is spreading among the people with amazing rapidity. The farmer of this age, is not and should not be content to work his farm in the beaten track of his fathers. He should understand, with scientific precision, the latent properties of the soil, its wants and its real capabilities. With this knowledge, every stroke of the implement of toil, instead of making it rebound with a blunter edge, causes fatness to flow forth. Think you not the Father was right, in directing the white man to the shores of the western world, so that millions might take the place of hundreds, and enjoy the blessings of life by changing the wilderness into a garden, and causing the desert to blossom as the rose? By cultivating the art of agriculture, the greatest diversity of human life may be crowded into the narrowest compass. This betokens the ever-active goodness of God; who doubtless intended that every fibre and avenue of nature should be fraught with goodness to animated existence. Behold the constant influx of foreigners, fleeing from want and oppression, who demand a support from the soil of our land. We welcome them to our shores, as brethren to a Father's table, where there is bread enough and to spare; but they with us must labor the soil, understandingly, and gather their food by the sweat of their brow. The soil is the great and only fountain of sustenance to this our nation. Other occupations are necessary helps to agriculture; but for temporal subsistence, we must rely upon that alone. We cannot look to foreign nations for our food; their starving millions must come to us. We must not welcome them grudgingly; for they are our brethren, and God is the Father of us all. There is enough for us and them. It will not rise spontaneously from the earth; but it must be sought for, at the expense of sweat and nerve and bone. The members of overcrowded professions, and those gentlemen made by the tailor, who begin to wonder where they shall get their living, had better tear off their gloves, and introduce their fingers to the soil of the mother earth. It can do them no harm; and it will do the earth much good. It must be done, or poverty will pinch them to death in the end. The development of the resources of the soil, will tend most powerfully to the intellectual and moral strength of the nation. The individual can neither study, labor or pray, with his heart in the work, so long as hunger-knaws his stomach, or cold pinches his limbs. So with a nation; if poverty and want are masters of the populace, you need not expect them to cultivate their minds, do good, nor worship God. The resources of the soil given to us are abundant; and if we are truly grateful to God for their gift, we will express that gratitude by developing those resources, for our own and the world's good. But we pass from this point, and affirm,

2. Our nation's gratitude to God demands, that we labor for the physical freedom of all within its bounds. I am not about to hurl forth vengeance upon the slaveholder, even with the tongue; but I wish to say, distinctly, that I regard slavery as one of the greatest of evils, not only to the slave, but also to the master. For some wise purpose, no doubt, God has permitted human slavery to be. He has also permitted man to sin; and however we may view the causes and attendant circumstances of wrong, the end must be for good. The human race have started upon a long journey; the path winds through the various follies and sins of the lower life; it emerges at length into the light and warmth of the higher life; man leaves a folly here, and a sin there, as he travels onward and upward; and at length he enters a state, from which, to the joy of man, all sin is forever excluded. Many of the follies and sins of the Christian world have thus been left behind; and we hope and believe that the time is not far distant, when

American slavery will be numbered among the things that were. And we should labor to that end. We may not labor injudiciously, nor in such a way as to reproach and retard the cause; but we should labor by our moral influence, and by all other legitimate means. God has blessed us with freedom of mind and body; and if we are really grateful to him, we will labor to extend this freedom throughout the nation's bounds.

3. Our nation's gratitude to God demands, that we labor for the spread of useful knowledge among the people. There are many fashions and customs abroad in the land, which might better be stricken from existence in a moment; many, that are not merely harmless, but decidedly hurtful. Such, of course, can better be spared than retained. But every thing of science and art should be encouraged and promoted. The scientific education of the youth of our nation, is a most noble work. It will teach the future citizen, patriot, statesman, and christian, *to think*; a kind of knowledge which the aggregate people of this age do not possess, and which is invaluable in its bearing upon the perpetuity of our institutions. Thought has long slumbered in a living tomb; its wings have never yet fanned the brows of the populace of any nation. We want more of thought at work amid the elements of human knowledge. Thought is the instrument by which truth is developed before the gaze of the world. Thought is the power by which nature is traversed through all her secret paths. Thought is the pilot, by whose skill the nation's barque may be guided safely through dangerous waters; and by thought we survey in the distance the reflected brightness of the Father's throne. Oh, for the prevalence of thought and knowledge among the people! As a nation, we must manifest our gratitude to God for mental freedom, by scattering the gems of true knowledge throughout the length and breadth of our land.

4. Our nation's gratitude to God demands, that the true moral *feeling* of the people be promoted. Correct feeling, without a doubt, is the basis of every benevolent enterprise. The element of feeling lies at the bottom of social life. True feeling must be considered the heart of our national existence. What but feeling fired the bosoms of the fathers, in the days of the revolutionary struggle? What but feeling demands the recognition of personal rights, in the political movements of the age? What but feeling restores the inebriate to himself, his family and society again? What but feeling urges on the missionary, and moral reform movements of the times? And what but feeling pleads for the liberation of the bondmen of the South? Although much of true feeling is visible in the movements of this age, it is greatly to be feared that the nation's heart is entirely too cold. We want more of the gush of feeling from the great Heart of the Nation. We want not so much, in the comparison, of the cold calculation of the Nation's intellect. The object of true government is only appreciated, when the wants of the people are felt. A proper feeling in the nation, will give the tone of humanity to all her laws. True feeling will reform the abuses of government, as fast as the public mind can detect them; and a proper national feeling must deprecate the horrors of war, beyond every other national evil. Yes, true feeling is the soul of any nation; and gratitude to God for the amount of feeling we have, would dictate that our nation's life be purified, that its pulse may beat strongly with love.

But lo! the clangor of arms beyond our Southern frontier. What lesson does it bring to the ear, and interpret to the heart, of the christian. What, but that our nation must humble itself in repentance, because of her lately wrought deeds of blood? Excuses may arise, like shadows in the night vision; but God demands of each nation, not the destruction, but the preservation of human life. Oh, the horrors of war! Let the fancy brood over them, as pictured by Marshal Lownes after the terrible battle of Montebello—"I could hear the bones

crash in my division, like hail-stones against the windows!" Think of the multitudes of families, torn in pieces, and bleeding, which ever follow on the heels of the war-demon! Think of the destruction of the interests of civilized life, and the return of the barbarism of the feudal ages, whenever war treads upon the necks of any people! And as your heart swells with patriotic emotion, and true Christian principle, oh, we beseech you, ever labor and pray for peace within our nation's borders. Let true feeling, the soul of the nation, rise up in her majesty, and rebuke the war-spirit of the world! So shall we manifest our highest gratitude and praise to Heaven!

Finally, Our nation's gratitude to God demands, that we become a thoroughly *religious* people. God's character, Love, through his image, Christ, should be the character of the nation, seeking to live by his favor. His principles of government, must be the principles of the republic that would stand forever. The glorious end of his government, should also be the end sought after by us, as a nation. Let us become a religious people; and our agency will work in harmony with the will of Heaven. Only let us become religious, and our national existence will endure to the end of time; our principles will spread throughout the world; all nations will be elevated to the high point we have attained; and when Eternity's morning shall dawn upon the Universe, one great song of praise shall break from the lips of the world, and the purest incense of gratitude shall ascend from all hearts, forever and ever.

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a sacred friend,

In every trial, every grief,

To cheer, to counsel, and defend—

Of all we ever had, the chief!

A friend, who watching from above,

Whene'er in errors path we trod,

Still sought us with reproving love:

That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,

In every chance and change of fate,

Whose boundless love doth solace send,

When other friendships come too late!

A friend, that when the world deceives,

And wearily we onward plod,

Still comforts every heart that grieves;

That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,

In one unchanged, unshaken trust;

If man this truth would only know,

And love his Maker and be just!

Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,

Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,

But in each need, his hand doth lend;

That friend, that truest friend is God.

Original.

INQUIRY FOR H. L.

In your article in the paper of the 20th, you say some individuals have "so far *progressed and reformed*", using the terms ironically, as to declare and act in the words I here give from your article:

"They laugh at the idea that the Scripture writers were divinely influenced, and contend that Shakspeare was as much inspired as Isaiah, and Gibbon or Hume as truly inspired as Paul, or even Jesus himself. They believe the sacred penmen were just as liable to make mistakes as other men; that they wrote much upon hearsay and rumor, and were mistaken in many things which they recorded, while they have the charity to believe that some of their statements are true. This is the *refined, transcendental, progressive, clairvoyant* view of the subject."

As I claim to ally myself with the doctrine of *Progression*, and desire to be a *Reformer* to myself and the race of mankind, I wish you to point out to me and the readers of this paper, as your statements require, *who are these laughing ones*, that make Gibbon and Hume equal to Paul and Jesus Christ, and who are those who believe the writers of Scripture "*just as liable to make mistakes as other men*," and all the while, as you say, "professing to be Christians." This is, certainly, news to me; and I must withhold my belief in your statements, till such time as you sustain them with the proof. I will not say you made these statements without *authority*; it will be time enough to do this when you fail to make them good by the proof. The *strongness* of the assertions induce me to make the inquiry. And may I not hope that, as you hold to the doctrine which requires *proof for all things*, as well as to *prove* [try] *all*, you will attend to the matter without considering me an innovator or anything but a searcher of truth.

Z. B.

ANSWER TO Z. B.

You say that you "claim to ally yourself with the doctrine of progression, and desire to be a reformer to yourself and the world." I hope you may really be what you *claim and desire*. But what is there peculiar to yourself in this? All Universalists are in favor of what they consider *true* progress and reform, and heartily sympathize with every movement which they think calculated to advance mankind in knowledge and virtue. Yet there are some who seem disposed to monopolize these terms, and while they talk of *progress and reform*, are endeavoring to effect changes which, if carried out, would, in my opinion, deprive mankind of the light of Christianity, and envelope them in the darkness of heathenism. In my article which called forth your inquiry, I said, "so far have some individuals '*progressed*' and reformed in this way, (and men professing to be Christians too) that they have come to regard the Bible as no better than other books and, in fact, not so good as some others." Do you need evidence of this? Do you not know that there are those who place *another book* in advance of the Bible, and claim that "as a *natural revelation* (and they do not believe in any *supernatural revelation*) it is the *highest* ever given to the world?" I rather think *you* do not need much information on this head. A knowledge that such persons claim to be reforming and progressing, sometimes causes those terms to be used in a sense very different from their proper signification.

You say, "I ask you to point out to me and the readers of this paper, who are the *laughing* ones that make Gibbon and Hume equal to Paul and Jesus? Who are those who believe the writers of the Scriptures *just as liable to make mistakes as other men*, while professing to be Christians?" Here let me point out a misrepresentation. I did not say there were any professing Christians who made Gibbon and Hume equal to Paul and Jesus. I said there are such persons, who "who contend that Gibbon or Hume was as truly *inspired* as Paul, or even Jesus himself." A person might believe Gibbon was as truly inspired as Paul, and yet not consider him equal to Paul. I believe Isaiah was as truly inspired as Jesus, though I do not regard him equal to Jesus. Some believe, as I shall presently show, that all men are inspired, but probably they have not *progressed* far enough to consider all persons *equal*.

Do you, then, wish me to verify my assertion, as originally put forth? I am astonished at your professed ignorance on this subject; for I supposed you were sufficiently "developed" to be aware of its truth. You have probably heard of Theodore Parker, of Boston, who professes to be a Christian Minister. In his "Discourse of Religion" he says:

"Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians or Ma-

hometans, but is co-extensive with the race. As God fills all space, so all spirits; as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious man."—p. 216.

"There seems no ground for supposing there are different kinds or modes of inspiration in different persons, nations or ages, in Minos or Moses, in Gentiles or Jews, in the first century or the last."—p. 219.

Thus you perceive Mr. Parker holds that inspiration is *co-extensive with the race*, in other words, that *all men are inspired*; and he also holds that there are not *different kinds or modes* of inspiration; so that according to his ideas *all men are inspired in the same manner*. Does it not follow from this that "Gibbon or Hume was as truly inspired as Paul or Jesus?" You know it does. You must see that, according to this, it also follows that the Scripture writers were as liable to make mistakes as other men; for it is as true of all as of them, that they are inspired. The following extracts confirm this view:

"Every book of the Old Testament bears distinct marks of its human origin; some of human folly and sin; all of human weakness and imperfection."—p. 328.

"All the writings in the New Testament, as well as the Old, contain marks of their human origin, of human weakness and imperfection."—p. 352.

I think you will now allow that I have found one man of whom what I said is true. And he is a man who "claims to ally himself with the doctrine of progression," and to be a reformer. How much of this kind of reform and progress does the world need?

Mr. Parker is a distinguished Transcendentalist, and has his admirers and followers among the clergy and others. I need not name them. But I have myself conversed with persons in the office of this paper, (persons professing to be Christians too) who insisted that there are positive contradictions in the writings of the Evangelists; and who would account for them by saying that the writers were misinformed, or mistaken. A disciple of the new religion which has broken out in this neighborhood (yet professing to be a Christian) recently said, in an article in the Trumpet, he believed the Bible to contain *many errors*. In a conversation with yourself, not long since, I understood you to say, you believed the New Testament writers mistaken concerning the time of Christ's coming. I have been by others referred to the Introduction to St. Luke's Gospel for proof that he wrote, not on his own knowledge of facts, but on the testimony of others, and that he might have been misinformed on some subjects.

I recently heard another (a professed Christian minister) say, in substance, that a quotation from Pope or Byron was of as much authority as one from the Bible.

These are some of the reasons I had for making the statement you call in question. I am sorry there is so much ground for its truth. But persons of the description referred to are well known in this community. I would not harm them; but I am glad that, by the late action of our Association, they are cut off from our fellowship. Let them "progress" *backwards* as far as their taste requires, henceforth the Universalist denomination is not responsible for their wild notions. We fellowship only those who believe the "Bible contains a special and sufficient revelation from God, and is the Rule of Christian faith and practice."

Yours, &c.

H. L.

Original.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Rev. Mr. Fields, who is now conducting a protracted meeting in Monticello, Sullivan Co., recently declared that a person, when powerfully exercised by the Holy Spirit, as were many in his meeting, might fall twenty feet upon a bed of hot coals, and not be injured. The Reverend gentleman did not give us the *philosophy* of his belief, but we presume he is a little *Davisonian*. w.

Original.

VISIT TO A BAPTIST CONFERENCE MEETING.

BY REV. J. GALLAGER, NEWARK, N. J.

Br. E. Case's visit to a Methodist prayer-meeting, noticed in the Ambassador of Dec. 4, in which he raised such an excitement, inducing the good brethren to shout glory, hallelujah, &c., reminds me of an incident that occurred in a Baptist Conference Meeting with myself. Unlike however the meeting at which Br. Case attended, the joy of our meeting was all marred by the discovery of who the stranger was.

It was during my residence in Providence, R. I., that religious services were held on a Sabbath afternoon, at 5 o'clock, at a small village four miles from the city. In the evening, having no meeting ourselves, the friends where I stopped invited me to accompany them to a Baptist Conference Meeting, which was held regularly Sabbath evenings in a School house. Upon entering the room, we observed it was pretty well filled with about an equal number of males and females. Taking my seat near the door, with the view of not being recognized, I intended to remain a careful listener, and if possible, worship with them in spirit. The meeting being opened with singing, prayer, &c., the leader gave a short exhortation, and inviting all present to take part in the meeting, he sat down. Several of the brethren and sisters arose and spoke, and with most of what was said I could freely join. The love of God was urged as an inducement to repentance, &c. A pause occurring, I thought I would say a word. Just, however, as I was about rising, another individual arose before me, when I resumed my seat. After he had concluded, the minister, pointing to me, perhaps seeing that I was a stranger, (my appearance might have also indicated my calling) invited me to speak, seeing that I was about attempting it as the last speaker rose. In complying with his request, I stated that whenever the theme of God's love was referred to, I felt like adding my word. I then quoted the words, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," &c. And not wishing to intrude my *peculiar views* upon the meeting, lest its harmony might be disturbed, I occupied a kind of neutral ground, and noticed 1st, that it was God, a being of infinite love and goodness, who 2d, *so loved*, 3d, *the world*, not a part, but all, all present, all mankind, that 4th, he gave his *Son*, the highest evidence of that love, the most precious gift of the Father. This subject being a most glorious one, I felt unusual freedom in speaking. And as I warmed up, urging all to repentance by the exhibition of this love, the theme touched a chord in the hearts of all present, at least among the church members. And all around the room went forth the shout, *Amen, Amen, Amen*, the minister joining at the top of his voice. All was excitement, all were warmed up, filled with the right spirit, making it quite evident that if I was a stranger, I had not thrown strange fire among them. In a few minutes, however, I observed quite a whispering, the amen impulse generally subsided, and I soon discovered that the word of recognition was being passed around the room from one to another. A lady it appears was present, who was at my five o'clock meeting, and when inquiry was made who is he? she informed the one beside her, and then it went fast enough. "It is the Universalist preacher, it is the Universalist preacher." Soon as the discovery was made, perfect silence reigned among the brethren and sisters. They had no more "Amens" for the love of God. After concluding, one or two others rose and spoke, then the minister, and the first words he uttered were, "Well, we have heard one side of the question, the love of God, but there is another side, for he that 'believeth not shall be damned.'" Then I knew that my speech and their "amens" all went for nothing. What a pity, reader, that I had not been so fortunate as Br. Case was, to remain unrecognized as a Universalist.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1847.

The Example of Christ—Christmas.

According to the general opinion of the church, this is the anniversary of the birthday of the Saviour; and it is well on such an occasion, to pause a moment and reflect upon his wonderful character; his eventful and holy life; his sublime and merciful religion, and the astonishing changes which have been effected through him. The strongest terms which can be employed are used by the inspired writers, in setting forth his character and the excellencies of his religion. He is called the Sun of Righteousness—the Light of the World—the Friend of Sinners—the Brightness of God's Glory—the Word of Truth and Salvation—a Light shining in a dark Place—the Power of God unto Salvation. As we cannot in a single article speak of all the excellencies of the Saviour and his religion, perhaps we cannot do a better service to the cause of religion, than by offering a few thoughts upon his example.

Many are accustomed to contemplate Christ, simply as a Teacher and Propitiator. They appear to think, that the only work, which he came to do, was to teach the sublime truths of his Religion, and by his death, make a vicarious offering for the sins of mankind. Such, have very mistaken opinions of his mission. He did, it is true, come to teach his Religion, and render mankind wise unto salvation. He also came to die on the cross, though not for the purpose of satisfying the claims of justice, but to exhibit the infinite love of God, and reconcile an alienated world to his righteous government. But these were not his only work—these were not the only means by which he sought to turn the sinner to God. His example is another means. This was, in all respects, perfect, and exemplified every doctrine he taught, and every virtue he required.

When Jesus, our great Master, came

To teach us in his Father's name,

In every act, in every thought,

He lived the precepts which he taught.

I remark then,

1. That Christ was uniformly governed by love. I name this trait in his character first, because I deem it the most important, and because it is the first which strikes the attention, in reading his eventful history. It was love that brought him to our world of woe, that caused him to toil for sinners, and that made him die on Calvary. We see this love beaming forth in all his actions, and sustaining him in all his sufferings. So great was his love, that he could not even look upon the sick and afflicted, without the deepest emotions of pity and compassion. Look at him in Jerusalem, as he stands by the pool of Bethesda, where was lying a poor man, who had had an infirmity for thirty and eight years, and who had come to the pool hoping that he might be made whole. Jesus saw his wretched and destitute condition, and his heart was touched, and he said to the despairing man, *rise take up thy bed and walk*, and the man was made whole from that moment. The same tender and compassionate regard was manifested for the suffering and afflicted, when he healed the blind who cried to him by the wayside, raised the sick from their couch of pain, and restored to life those slumbering in the grave.

But his love was not confined to the unfortunate—he loved even his enemies. They sought his injury in every way that malignity could devise; they misrepresented him and persecuted his disciples; they accused him of having a devil, of being a traitor and a deceiver; they hunted him from place to place like a beast of prey; they scourged him, mocked him,

spat upon him, taunted him, and at last hung him upon a cross between two thieves, but still under all their wrongs, indignities and cruelties, his love waned not—it continued to burn in all its warmth and brightness—he even blessed his foes in death.

Nor was this all. Jesus loved not only the poor, maimed, blind, afflicted, and wicked, but he loved all men. Yes, his love stretched over the narrow bounds of country, kindred and color, and embraced in its wide-spread arms the whole family of man—Greeks and Jews, Barbarians and Scythians, bond and free, were loved by him.

2. Jesus was constantly devoted to the work for which he was sent of God. No desire actuated his heart, but a desire to accomplish that work. No time was misemployed, none idled away, but all was devoted to the great object of his mission—to preaching the truth, to warning the careless, arousing the stupid, reproving the wicked, reclaiming the wandering, comforting the afflicted, and working his stupendous miracles of mercy. His labors were not confined to Jerusalem, but were extended over the whole of Judea. *I must be about my Father's business*, was the constant language of his heart. His disciples on one occasion, sought to divert his mind, for a moment, from the sublime and holy object of his mission; but, as though he would rebuke them for such an intention, he instantly replied, *I have a work to do that the world knows not of*. This unshrinking fidelity characterized the whole period of his ministry, so that when he hung upon the cross, he was enabled to say, it is finished—my work is done, my labors are completed, the world's redemption is secured!

3. Jesus was humble. He took the very humblest condition which could have been selected. Not only was he poor, without home, but without rank. Poetry did not sing his praise, philosophy did not argue in his defense, eloquence did not plead his cause, royalty did not clothe him honor, the great did not take him by the hand. He commenced his labors under the patronage of no school of philosophy; no powerful and wealthy ecclesiastical establishment; no great and learned nation. He was born in a manger; he was bred a mechanic; he selected his Apostles from among the poor, illiterate fishermen of Galilee; he associated with the poor and despised and the down trodden. He might have been attended by the rich and fashionable; he might have opened all the treasures of wealth for his aid; he might have brought to his support the whole strength of his nation; he might have had his religion taught in every school of philosophy, and in every synagogue and temple then known; he might have summoned to his assistance ten thousand legions of angels; but instead of this, he rejected every form of greatness and glory, such as would attract the notice of a gazing world, and sought the humblest condition which could be found.

4. Jesus sought to overcome evil with good. The annals of the world do not present such instances of aggravated wrong as those endured by him. Though holy, he was accused of being the personification of wickedness; though harmless he was treated with the greatest personal abuse; though engaged constantly in doing good, he was denounced as a deceiver and traitor. And yet for all this evil, so great, so aggravated, he returned no evil; in not a single instance did a retaliatory curse drop from his lips; never was his miraculous power exerted to crush a foe; and even when suffering the agonies of the cross, instead of breaking forth in the language of annihilating curses, he calls on God to show mercy to his murderers. Thus did he render blessing for cursing, love for hatred, good for evil; and in this way seek to reconcile a guilty world to God.

Such, Christian, is thy Savior. Love him, and he will take up his abode in your heart—obey him, and you shall have a peace which passeth knowledge and understanding.

Missionaries in China.

It is always interesting to observe the commencement and progress of any cause, especially of one of direct importance to personal welfare. Nothing so much interests us as the young and tender. With what intense anxiety do we watch the progress and development of those germs which are to mature into realities of vast account for good or evil, beauty or shame. The missionary enterprise is a noble and majestic scheme when rightly apprehended. Proselytism is a different thing. It is to be feared some have engaged in the cause of missions from selfish and sectarian motives, as mere propagandists of their own particular notions, right or wrong; seeking glory for themselves, and not for God. Others have gone honestly into the work, but obsessed by the dignity of their position, or loftiness of their authority, have failed to adapt their labors to the actual condition of those whose salvation they seek, and hence have accomplished little good. Others there are, zealous in their cause, and true to their creeds, who have found it extremely difficult to make their doctrines intelligible. For instance, what success can a Trinitarian hope to have among Jews, or Mohammedans, or any believers in the simple Unity of God? Could Christianity be cleared from errors of doctrine, and falsities in practice, and be presented to the people in its native purity and reasonableness, it could be understood, and it would be accepted and obeyed.

We have some examples in the accounts of Missionaries in China. There they meet with a people considerably enlightened, and by no means greatly bigoted in their own religions. All who can read are willing and anxious to receive Christian books, and delight in religious conversations. Such is the case with many of the better informed, and even with their priests. They will allow Christians to do what various sects among us will not suffer, on any account, viz: strangers in whose religion they have no confidence, can come into their temples and monasteries, and talk with them about the *teen, choo, keaou*, "the religion of the Lord of Heaven," and distribute tracts directly pointed against their idolatry. Will Catholics or Protestants allow so much? We would like to see such civilities among Christians.

But what has been the success and what are the prospects under such favorable auspices. Nothing very astonishing, as yet. One great difficulty is, the Chinaman cannot be made to assent to what he does not understand of the new religion, and many things, it is known to every body, are mysterious and unexplainable, in what passes for *evangelical*. We have several curious specimens of these difficulties in Smith's "Consular Cities of China."

Speaking of the inhabitants of Ningpo, Mr. S. observes: "The writer of these pages can state it to be his *unvarying experience*, that a *kind word ever found a ready response* from the natural feelings of the people. As a missionary mingles with the good-humored villagers of these northern provinces, or holds intercourse with the more intelligent inhabitants of the cities, he cannot but feel that the feeble philosophy of the *natural man* has *here* achieved some of its highest conquests, as far as its limited power can avail, without the sanctifying grace of the Gospel. It is, however, a sad counterpart to the picture, to reflect that the people are *living only for this world*, without *one defined idea* of the future." Upon the pliable minds of such a people it would appear to be an easy matter to impress the benevolent principles of Christianity, to teach them the love of God as manifest in Christ, and the great end and essence of all true religion, love to God and all men. But such a work has not been attempted. Each missionary teaches his own peculiar views, and thus attention is diverted from the main object, and the good effect is lost amid the contradictions of rival sects.

But to the examples. On one occasion Mr. Smith entered the shop of an aged man, who had relinquished his affairs to a nephew, a middle-aged man of pleasing manners [and intelligence. The latter made many inquiries, and listened with attention, as the principal doctrines of Christianity were explained to him. He said "he had not heard for ten thousand years such wonderful doctrines. When the *fall of man*, and the necessity of repentance and a new heart were insisted on, he inquired whether to him an idol-altar was sin. To the application to *himself* of the truth of the *universality of human depravity*, he objected strongly, affirming that he had a good heart."

On another occasion, "stating that all men were *naturally* possessed of wicked hearts," and quoting the beginning of the San-tze-king, for the purpose of denying the truth of its statement, that "man's disposition at the commencement is *originally good*, the priest and my teacher both exclaimed, in surprise, 'How can a little child be wicked.' I proceeded to instance the truth of my assertion, in the proneness of children to anger, even in infancy, and their increasing wickedness with their increasing years. How then (I asked) could the heart be made good? How could sin be forgiven? Jesus could effect both, and the *worshipper of Jesus* became happy."

Whether to teach this simple people the doctrines of original sin; and total depravity, will stimulate them to make efforts for a better life, or to love one another more, and whether idolatry will be removed by teaching that there is but one God, who *only* is to be worshipped, and yet insist that he is *three*, or "triune," and that Jesus of Nazareth, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, is to be worshipped as God also, admits of much doubt. It seems to us it would be far better, in every sense, to teach the paternity of God, his love for the world, as evidenced in the gift of Jesus Christ, who came to make men good, to love and forgive one another, and live in peace, and also to *abolish death*, and bring life and immortality to light; which blessed truths are in the Gospel, which are to be taught to all nations, for their comfort and joy. In our humble judgment the preaching of such truths, backed by corresponding examples of meekness, forbearance, justice and brotherly kindness of professed Christians, would do more for the conversion of the heathen world in a single year, than all that has been or will be done in a thousand years on the present plan of operations. At any rate, we should like to see the experiment made.

Bridgeport, Conn.

We are happy to be able to assure our friends, that the society in the above named place, under the judicious and faithful labor of their worthy pastor, brother S. S. Fletcher, is in a very prosperous condition. In consequence of certain rumors that have prevailed of the defection of many of the ablest members on account of having embraced the new revelation, we had supposed that the society must be in a very languishing, if not prostrate condition. We were most agreeably surprised, therefore, to learn from what we saw and heard, not only that the rumors referred to were unfounded, but that the society was never in a better condition than at the present time, and we have made up our mind never again to be seduced into the belief of anything derogatory to the Christian standing of our Bridgeport brethren, either by the song of the "sparrows" or anything of that kind. It is true that the society has suffered severely from the loss of some of its most valued members by death, but they have left behind them, the legacy of a good name, and the remembrance of their worthy example will serve to stimulate their surviving brethren to new zeal and diligence in their calling. Brother Fletcher is doing a good work in all that region, and the signs of the times are ominous of a more propitious future.

The Power of the Gospel.

Much is said in the New Testament, of the great power of the Gospel. It is said to be the power of God unto Salvation. In order to see in what this power consists, we must consider, not only that it has divine laws, in the keeping of which there is great reward, but a Supreme Ruler from whom all its laws emanate—a Ruler who is the eternal standard of perfection, the faithful guardian of virtue—a Ruler who is everywhere present, with his all-searching eye to see, and his omnipotent arm to smite, and his unwearying mercy to bless.

Now who can entertain such a conception of Deity; who can see him thus ruling among the nations of the earth, without being humbled by a sense of his greatness, and realizing the folly of contending against him? Ah! what is man? man in all his strength and vigor? man clothed in all the authority which earth can bestow? man sitting upon the proudest throne ever created by human ambition and wealth? Alas! he is but a poor weak being, who cannot suspend one law of nature; who cannot thwart one purpose of the Deity, or stay, for a single moment, his uplifted hand of judgment. How vain, then, to fight against the infinite God! Babylon, the glory of Kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldees excellency, arrayed itself against him; but he who causes the arrogance of the proud to cease, and lays low the haughtiness of the terrible, and shakes the heavens with his word, made it as Sodom when wasted by fire from on high. God sits upon his throne in his undisturbed majesty, even though, ever since the birth of time, men have been fighting against him. Truly did the Prophet say, all nations compared to him, are as the small dust in the balance!

But it is not only by exhibiting the greatness of God, and his unbending adherence to justice, that Christianity seeks the order and peace of the world; it seeks them also by exhibiting his eternal and unchanging love; his free and impartial grace; and all the infinite excellencies of his nature. It is difficult to conceive the effect which such a character must have upon the human soul. The contemplation of it gives clear ideas of justice, mercy, love and faithfulness. We see them in him, not dimly as we see them in man—not varying as in man—not mixed with evil as in man; but full, perfect, infinite, shining in all their eternal lustre, ever acting for a world's welfare; ever exhibiting favor to the fallen; ever doing good to the sinful; ever true to all that is promised.

No language is adequate to express the moral power of such a character. Every mind by which it is contemplated, is enlarged, elevated, and perfected. Here is the reason why Christianity is so much superior in its influence to Heathenism. The idols of the Heathen are unjust, cruel, revengeful, partial: personifications of vices rather than the highest of all excellencies. And say what you will, the God of a people always gives complexion to their character. He is their standard—they will be like him. The holier, the more righteous, the more perfect therefore, you make a Deity, the more will his character do to elevate his worshippers. How great then must be the effect of the knowledge of the true God—of him whose justice is never swayed by partiality; whose mercy no sinfulness can exhaust; whose love no hatred can weaken; whose faithfulness no opposition can weary!

If you would perfect a man in painting and sculpture, you must surround him with the works of the most eminent artists: if in music, you must put him under the best master; so if you would raise man to the most exalted station, you must make the model which you place before him, as perfect as possible. There is no fear then, of presenting in too strong a light, the excellencies of the divine character. The more fully they are exhibited, the greater will be their effect upon us.—Men sometimes wonder why we dwell so much as we do,

upon the character of God; why we resist, as we do, all attempts to make him unjust, partial, cruel, revengeful; why we are so anxious that men should believe him to be the infinite father, the unchanging friend, the righteous governor and the just judge of the world. They might as well wonder why a father should be anxious to have his children under the charge of a good teacher, or mingle in good company. He who looks upon God as in all respects infinitely excellent; as “conducting his administration with an eternal regard to order, virtue and truth; ever favoring the cause and supporting the interests of righteous men; and applying in this direction the whole might of omnipotence, the whole counsel of unerring wisdom, from the beginning to the end of things,” has views best calculated to kindle devotion, support virtue, and make him perfect.

But the Gospel goes still further than this. It reveals the infinite grace of God; his enduring love; his plan to save a world which had ruined itself by despising and contemning him. It shows how, notwithstanding man's impiety, ingratitude and wilful rebellion, he still loved him, and sent his Son to save him. In this display of grace, we see not only the awful evil of sin, and the infinite desire of God for its removal, but we see the greatness of his love, and the unsearchable riches of his grace. What then can give man such a loathing of sin, and wake up in his heart such feelings of gratitude, as the plan of redemption? For the extermination of sin from the world, and for the everlasting happiness of his fallen children, God freely gave his own Son. O what wisdom! what goodness! What could make sin appear as so great an evil? what excite within us such a love for God? Surely, sin must have been an evil of awful magnitude; of terrible malignity—the most blighting, withering, fearful, of all curses, to have induced God to seek its destruction, at a cost so great: and man must have been loved with a love the most devoted, free, strong, generous, to have led to the formation of such a scheme for his salvation!

It is here that we see the wonderful power of the cross; the mighty efficacy of Jesus and him crucified—why the gospel, which was to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling, was the power of God unto salvation—and why it created anew, those who had sat unmoved under the splendid eloquence of the learned and graceful orators of Rome and Athens! Philosophy, beautiful as were its fancies; wise as were its rules of duty; sublime as were its doctrines, and eloquent as were its teachings, was weak and powerless: but the cross, on which was written with the blood of Jesus, God's hatred and condemnation of sin, and his free, eternal, unchanging love for the world, had in it a moral power which had never before been witnessed on the earth! By this cross, religion shall yet triumph; and when the dreams of men shall have been forgotten, and the idle theories which the pretended ministers of Christ are substituting in its place, shall have become a bye-word and a reproach, the cross shall still retain its divine power, and be the mighty instrument of man's salvation. “For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.”

Here then are the ways in which the gospel saves—it enlightens the mind, and sanctifies the heart. This, therefore, enables us to see the way by which to improve the condition of society. We must preach the gospel of God. Rant, declamation, noise, denunciations, appeals to the passions, can do no good. Men want a knowledge of the great principles of righteousness—a knowledge of the eternal and unvarying laws of God—a knowledge of the divine character and administration, of God's infinite greatness and purity—of his unchanging adherence to equity—of his high estimate of holiness—of his stern condemnation of sin, and his free and rich love for the

sinner. It is this knowledge that will make them pure, as God is pure, and perfect as he is perfect, and merciful as he is merciful.

In order to give them this knowledge, we must toil hard, and early, and late. Ignorance is now wide-spread, obstinate, conceited, bigoted, and antiquated creeds are its bulwarks; and behind them it stands and mocks, and derides, and threatens. Wealth makes it proud: ages of conquest make it insolent.—Ignorance is not only entrenched behind creeds, but also behind vicious customs: and in many, its companions are besotted drunkenness, squalid poverty, and brutal revenge. To remove all this ignorance is not the work of a day, but the work of years—long years of labor. In doing it, bad laws must be abolished—bad customs changed—errors removed—the fallen raised—the vicious converted—new forms of thought given to the world—new motives to action presented—new aspirations awakened. Let us begin therefore, anew in this great toil-field. Wherever we find disorder, let us convert it into order, and wherever we find ignorance, whether wearing church titles, or whether sitting bloated, stupid, in a den of corruption, let us displace it by knowledge; let us attack it unweariedly, and pour upon it such a flood of light, warm, sparkling, refulgent light, that it shall disappear forever; and as knowledge increases we shall find the reign of peace increasing, and glad joy taking the place of desponding woe, holy love of burning hatred, and unspotted purity, of debasing, harrowing guilt.—Then the kingdoms of this world, shall be the kingdoms of Jesus.

O. A. S.

"Infidelity and Total Abstinence."

It has long been a subject of deep regret that professed Christians, and especially Ministers of the Gospel, have been so backward in the Temperance movement. That they have been so, in this country and in England, is a notorious fact. Few clergymen comparatively of the so-called "Evangelical" sects are associated in any way with the Total Abstinence cause. We are comforted, however, with the fact, that almost every Universalist preacher in the land is an ardent and faithful worker in this noble and Christian effort, to bless and save mankind. The Universalists were the first religious body in this country to discountenance the use of ardent spirits, by resolutions passed at the General Convention in Winchester, N. H., in 1803.

So negligent has the Church been to the just claims of temperance, and so gloriously has the cause progressed without, that many have come to think Temperance is an Infidel movement. Such is particularly the case in England, where the clergy are not so entirely abstemious in "meats and drinks" as could be desired. We quote the following in proof, touching this matter, to which we ask attention:

INFIDELITY AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—The British and Foreign Temperance Society has been obtaining letters from various distinguished men as to the connection between total Abstinence and Infidelity. At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of Edinburgh, the subject of temperance being introduced, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, vicar of Wotton, suggested that an endeavor should be made to ascertain how far facts in physical science may have tended to encourage infidelity and also the connection between Infidelity and Tetotalism. Sixty-four letters have been received from various quarters of the kingdom. The following summary and conclusion from the whole, has been drawn up by Mr. H. Rikeman:—

1. That the assumption in the report of the Southern Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, as to the connexion between the operations of Tetotal Societies and Infidelity, is directly opposed to facts.

2. That the operations of Total Abstinence Societies have resulted in the reclaiming of many thousands of drunkards.

3. That these operations have also led, in a remarkable degree, to the checking of drinking usages in the social circle, and to the total disuse of alcoholic drinks in a great number of families,

4. That it is our peculiar privilege to rejoice in the fact that, through the instrumentality of Tetotalism, not only have many thousand of drunkards been reclaimed, but a considerable proportion of them have become regular attendants on religious worship, and a large number have also become members of different religious societies.

5. That there is no foundation for the Charge which some have preferred, that our advocates have placed Tetotalism in the stead of the Gospel; but we rejoice to be able to declare, from abundant experience and observation, that it has proved itself, very extensively, to be the HANDMAID of religion; that it has excited inquiry and concern about religion—brought men into the enjoyment of religion—assisted men to maintain a consistent profession of religion—brought many who had gone astray back into the paths of religion—greatly enlarged religious congregations and churches—promoted revivals of genuine religion, and augmented the resources of religious institutions.

6. That but for the indifference and opposition of professing Christians and Christian teachers, these delightful results might have been experienced to a far greater extent.

7. That all these circumstances, together with the exigencies of the present times demonstrate that it is the duty, and will be to the interest of every Christian minister especially, as well as of all members of religious societies, to give the subject of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages their serious consideration and earnest support, instead of remaining at a distance from Total Abstinence Societies, and, as it has been in some cases, actually opposing them.

Reforms—Conservatism—Radicalism.

The "Practical Christian" hints that the "New York Christian Messenger" is a little tardy, not quite radical enough "in respect to reforms,"—not so much so as some of our cotemporaries are. We were never accused of conservatism before; and we plead not guilty in the present instance. We have our own notions of the best means of reforming the world. But we have learned that "railing accusations" against "man-killers" and "man-stealers," do but little good. We speak our minds frankly, and fearlessly, in all places and on all suitable occasions, when and where there is a prospect of doing any good. But we do not allow ourselves to get mad, or fanatical on any subjects. We are not stinted in our freedom, nor wavering in our independence. We are as thoro in our hostility to "Partialism in human practice" as in "Theology." But if we cannot accomplish all we wish in a day, we are willing to work for it a year. We have learned to be patient, and "wait on the Lord;" and not fret against him nor, think him "slack concerning his promises."

W. S. E.

Introduce the Preacher.

The following very sensible remarks are copied from the N. Y. Observer. We ask the attention of our clerical friends to the propriety of adopting the suggestion. We have tried it a long time, and found it to work well:

Some pastors are in the habit of introducing to their congregations the ministers who may preach for them, when they are not generally known. In commending this practice for general adoption it may be said,

1. Such an introduction answers at once the inquiry which naturally arises in every mind—"Who is the preacher?" It prevents questions in whispers at the same time, and a hundred inquiries at the close of public worship, the mind meanwhile, by a restless curiosity, being rendered, in a measure, unfit for the exercises of the sanctuary.

2. The hearers then feel a sort of acquaintance with the preacher even if he have been before wholly unknown to them.

3. The announcement would usually secure better attention from the audience, especially if the preacher had been known by name.

4. The speaker is relieved of the embarrassment arising from the consciousness of being a stranger.

5. Both preacher and hearer are put at ease by the introduction, and are better prepared to enjoy and profit by the service.

Associated Missionary Effort.

We cheerfully give place to the following communication. We have long cherished the kindest feelings towards our Unitarian brethren, here and every where. We have always desired to cultivate a friendly and intimate acquaintance, and have ever been willing to make any just and honorable concessions to keep up a social and fraternal intercourse with them. And we have been hearty in what we have done, and sincere in all we have desired. We have never doubly-dealt, nor sought sectarian advancement by commerce with them. We have assumed no airs, held back no truths, nor made prominent any particular sentiment, for the sake of pleasing them, or any body else. God is our Judge in all that we have ever said or done to them and to every other sect. Nor can we ever consent to relinquish any article of faith we believe to be true, or to present, in God's name, any doctrine or any part of a doctrine which, in solemn earnest, we believe to be false, for the sake of winning popular favor, tho others might think it expedient to do so; or we might deem it possible to exert a more salutary moral influence upon the community. We have never ventured to make the rash experiment of testing the operation of error on public or private morals. We prefer to exhibit truth, as we understand it, in our humble way, leaving consequences to him who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

We have felt, from the first, a lively interest in the success of the effort alluded to below. We have been, and are still, willing to do what we can to foster the cause of Liberal Christianity in that as well as in every other part of our city. We know their preacher well, and love him much. He is frank and fearless in the statement and defence of his views, and has exhibited a noble quality of patient perseverance, which, if continued, cannot fail of a full reward, and ultimate triumph.

W. S. B.

Mr. Editor.—In your paper of the 11th inst. you call particular attention to the missionary cause in our midst, and you may justly characterize it, as worthy of more regard than it receives. It is a cause which embraces in itself the whole Christian enterprise. Every church is a missionary society, and every location for a church a missionary station. These churches require a great deal of labor and care, to develop their usefulness, and if each of them were only imbued with the spirit of their mission, they could produce a greater measure of good than ever has been done. Calling off attention from churches already established, to aid in other measures of more extended philanthropy, is not altogether meritorious.

There is a missionary station opened in 16th street under the care of the Unitarians of this city, and a preacher set apart, to attend to its ministrations. The doctrines preached there are in full harmony with our views, and all that is wanted to cause the enterprise to grow into strength and maturity, is the nursing hand of the friends of truth. Attendance is all that is wanted. Let the friends when they can, attend, and let them invite others to attend, and a church of this kind once established there, will reflect strength and influence back again upon kindred enterprises started under our peculiar care.

There is a great desire at all times among Christians to extend their exertions to go out far beyond their common boundaries, and when trophies are to be won for Christ and truth, such action is good, but yet it must be a nearer and a clearer duty to help on and encourage an undertaking, started in our very midst. Our good clergymen, brothers Balch and Skinner have appeared there to great acceptance, and we trust they will come again and the fire of a holy union may burn up the causes of division between Unitarians and Universalists, so that fighting for one God in his divine unity, and one destiny for man in the eternal embrace of love that our banner may be one,

AN ATTENDANT.

Br. H. R. Walworth.

Br. H. R. Walworth, late of this city, has removed from Lebanon, N. H., to Canton, West Fairlee township, Vt. We are glad to hear that Br. W. is located in a place where he has a prospect of being eminently useful as a minister. We learn that we have many good friends in Canton, and that there is a prospect of building up a strong society there.

Lectures and Theatres.

A few years ago Lectures on various subjects were common and fully attended, and Theatres nearly abandoned. Any body, almost, could get up a course of Lectures, which, if tolerably interesting, were sure to draw crowds, and yield a handsome income. But Theatres were very unpopular and actors well nigh starved. It is different now. Few courses of Lectures are attempted, and those that are afford poor remuneration to such as hazard the experiment; while Theatres are said to be nightly overflowing. In this city there are some five or six Theatres, two other Opera Houses, besides numerous other places of public amusements. All of these, we are told, are extensively patronized. But there is but a single course of Lectures on intellectual, historical, or moral subjects. It is not difficult to form an opinion upon which of these states argues the most good to the moral, social and religious prosperity. Time will show to all.

W. S. B.

Back Numbers.

☞ We can no longer furnish back numbers of the *Messenger*. All new subscribers to that form must commence with the numbers dated at the time of subscribing.

☞ We can supply near a hundred more subscribers with back numbers of the *Ambassador*, so as to make complete volumes. But we advise our subscribers to be careful to preserve the numbers they have, if they wish to bind them, as we shall be able to make up but few deficiencies, at the rate our subscribers are now coming in.

We are obliged to use a large share of economy in the management of the financial concerns of our establishment, lest we "fail," and be not "received in everlasting [enduring] habitations."

Rev. Mr. Beard's Lectures.

Rev. Mr. Beard, who has traveled extensively in Europe for several years past, is delivering a course of Lectures in this city on the character, condition and prospects of the various nations of Europe. He has gathered a fund of useful information, which he exhibits to his hearers in a very pleasing manner. The course consists of twelve, three of which have been delivered, in the Presbyterian Church, corner of Hammond and Factory sts. during the present week, and four to be given next week, and the remainder the week following.

Donation Visit.

It will be seen by the following notice, that our zealous and worthy friends of Newark are to give their devoted minister, a donation visit next week. We understand that they know how to get up such visits in the most attractive, and to the minister the most acceptable manner. We hope they will have a delightful time.

NEWARK, N. J.—The friends of Br. James Gallagher, Pastor of the Universalist Society, Newark, will make him a giving visit or donation party on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, next week, the 28th, 29th, and 30th Dec.

Br. W. Gamage.

We are glad to learn from the *Star in the West*, that Br. Gamage is located in Scott, Ill., where he is surrounded by many devoted friends. We know Br. G. to be a most worthy man.

Back Volumes of the Union.

We have several complete sets—16 volumes of the "Union" which we will sell cheap, bound or unbound; and old volumes we will sell, cheaper still. Each volume is complete in itself.

Original.

Ministers in Fellowship.

Messrs. Editors.—The Standing Clerk of the New York Association, was instructed at its last session, holden in month, November third and fourth, to publish, at the expiration of one month, the names of the ministers who shall then have subscribed the declaration, which was adopted at said session, as an amendment of the fifth article of the constitution of the association.

The article in question, as amended, reads as follows:

ART. 5. "This association at its annual meeting, may grant letters of Fellowship and confer Ordination, upon such brethren, as shall have proved themselves worthy to be set apart to the work of the gospel ministry. It may at any of its meetings, on full and satisfactory representation being made of the dereliction of any Universalist preacher residing within its limits, withdraw its fellowship, and discountenance the labors of such unsuitable preacher:

Provided, that no minister shall receive or retain the fellowship of this association, who shall not subscribe and file with the standing clerk the following declaration:

New York, Nov. 15th, 1847.

I sincerely declare that I receive the Bible as containing a special and sufficient revelation from God, which is the rule of Christian faith and practice; and that I will strive faithfully to preach its doctrines, and inculcate its precepts.

MENZIES RAYNER, OTIS A. SKINNER,
HENRY LYON, THOS. B. THAYER,
WM. S. BALCH, SAMPSON MOSMAN SMITH,
S. C. BULKELEY, SHALER J. HILLYER,
H. R. WALWORTH.*

In obedience to the instructions of the council, I herewith furnish for publication the names of those ministers residing within the limits of the association who have subscribed the above declarations

T. B. THAYER, *Standing Clerk.* |

*Not at present laboring within the bounds of the association, though acting with its license.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

To the Universalists of the State of New York.

Brethren—It is now between twelve and fifteen years since this institution was founded, and more than two, since by the action of the Universalist Convention of this State, it came more especially under the government of the denomination. From that time it has been, as it now is, a Universalist school, so far as it may be under the visitation of the Regents of the University.

When the present Board of Trustees assumed the management of the Institute, they found it considerably involved in debt, the buildings demanded many repairs, and the reputation of the school had been much impaired. In the confident hope of assistance and support from the denomination, they incurred additional debts in making the necessary repairs. A travelling agent was appointed—one of the oldest and most respectable clergymen of the state—and nine months of industrious labor were employed in endeavors to raise funds to liquidate our debts, and place the Institute in favorable circumstances among the academies of the neighborhood and state. We are reluctantly compelled to say that the result of this protracted effort was less than the net sum of \$850, a sum insufficient to defray the expense of recent repairs.

It has been the aim of the Trustees to make the Institute what the denomination and the interests of Universalism demanded, so far as their means would allow. If they have failed, it has been owing, they believe, to a want of adequate appreciation and support of the school. In all their arrangements they have exercised economy to the very lowest point of propriety, and sometimes perhaps below that of real respectability. Yet with all this economy they have still found it impossible to meet their current expenses. This will not appear surprising to those who are aware that their only resources have been the receipts for tuition, and the public money drawn from the Literature Fund, and that to the current expense of the Institute must be added the interest on its debt.

The affairs of the Institute have now assumed a very serious aspect. Many of its debts have been long due, and must soon be paid; it is impossible to employ teachers unless we have the means to remunerate them for their services, and the question becomes one of pressing urgency and difficulty how it shall

be done. The Trustees have no means except the property of the Institute. Shall this be sold, and the school stop? This is a question, we are constrained to say, which the Universalists of New York must decide, and decide very soon. If the Institute possesses any worth—if it is what Universalists require—we cannot doubt it will receive their attention and their cordial support. If it be not, the sooner it perishes and is out of the way, the better. It is impossible in the present state of things to continue the school, oppressed by debts which we have no means of liquidating, and especially since we cannot prevent it from sinking in debt deeper and deeper.

We feel unwilling to close the only school of much importance belonging to the denomination in the State, without first making an earnest effort to place the Institute on permanent grounds, and to fit it for doing in an honorable manner, the work we flattered ourselves, it was assigned to perform among Universalists in the Empire State. To do this, a sum of money not less than TWENTY THOUSAND dollars is indispensable. We must erect a suitable building for the accommodation of the *Female Department*. The expense of this may be estimated at from \$5000 to \$6000. Our present building is altogether unsuitable and insufficient, and it is in vain to hope to make the Female Department what it may and should be, without better accommodations. Considerable additions should also be made to our Library and Philosophical apparatus. To some these improvements may seem unnecessary. But our friends only need to reflect on the number of academies in the state, the elevated character of many of them, and the active competition which necessarily exists among them. If Universalists are to have a school that shall do them essential service and honor, it must be placed on a level with the best schools of its grade in the state. Without this Universalists themselves will not patronize it.

But besides these outlays, we need a Fund of at least \$10,000, to be safely invested, and the interest of which alone should ever be expended. There are expenses continually occurring, which may be called *contingent*, and for which the income derived from tuition and the Literary Fund, is, under ordinary circumstances, insufficient. We need moreover the means of future improvement; and it is a policy which we can neither practice nor recommend, to subject ourselves or others to perpetual calls for assistance. We therefore propose to raise such a sum at once as shall relieve the present generation at least from the vexation and annoyance of frequent solicitations. The denomination is now able to do this without difficulty, and we therefore earnestly appeal to it for its co-operation and assistance. A small sum from every Universalist in the State would at once place the Institute in an enviable position among the Academies of New York and make it a blessing and honor to the denomination.

To carry out our purposes we have appointed Rev. J. H. TUTTLE, most favorably known to the denomination, as travelling agent. He will immediately commence his labors, and as soon as possible visit every part of the State. And we bespeak for him the attention and co-operation of every friend of education among us, and indeed of every Universalist within its limits. We repose the fullest confidence in his integrity and zeal, and frankly confess that on his success must depend the very existence of the Clinton Liberal Institute!

H. G. EVERETT, }
WM. HUTCHINS, }
LESTER BARKER, } Executive Committee.
P. FAKE, }
DAVID PIXLEY, }

Clinton, Dec. 6, 1847.

Orchard-St Sabbath School Exhibition.

Our friends will please not forget this exhibition. It takes place this evening. Exercises will commence at 6 1-2 o'clock.

GEN. TAYLOR.—The grand reception of Major General Taylor, took place in New Orleans on the 3d inst. It was magnificent and enthusiastic. When he landed, the Mayor invited him to become the guest of the city. General Taylor briefly and appropriately replied. He then proceeded to the Cathedral, Bishop Blane appropriately addressed him; old Rough and Ready made an eloquent reply.

It is not conducive to health to keep shut up in warm rooms. The thermometer should never range above 65 degrees.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

OH HAD I A HARP.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON.

Oh had I a harp from Heaven brought,
Its strings from an angel's tresses wrought,
I would sweep them o'er to notes so mild,
The stars would pause on their mission wild,
And bend them down from the azure sky,
To catch the notes as they floated by.

Angels that dance in the moonbeams bright,
I'd charm away from their homes of light,
Till lightly they'd float on their snowy wings,
And hover around as I touched its strings,
To songs that would move their spirits fair
To measures light in the dewy air.

I'd tell the soul of its heavenly birth,
And bid it soar beyond the earth,
To a land where seraph's lightly roam,
'Mid the golden stars around the throne;
And I'd tune a note on which it might rise,
And seek a home in the distant skies.

I'd warble forth to the heart so sad,
A strain that would make it light and glad;
Each thought of care I would chase away,
And bear it up to a brighter day,
Where the hours pass by like gentle dreams,
Illumed by the light of love's soft beams.

Oh, had I a harp from heaven brought,
Its strings from an angel's tresses wrought,
I'd tune a song that should move the earth,
And to more heavenly thoughts give birth,
Than e'er was yet to mortals given,
Then spread my wings and soar to heaven.

Original.

Communings at the Casement. No. 1.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON.

'Tis sunset. The bright day god is going down to rest, and gorgeous indeed is the mantle he has thrown around him. The whole western sky is enveloped in a golden haze, and the very portals of heaven seem opened, while floods of its glory come streaming through them, shaded only by the waving pinions of its beatified inhabitants. And see those rose tinted rays as they weave a life like robe, and throw it over the decayed mantle that wraps the earth, till it seems to borrow new life from its soft hued colors. Oh, is it not beautiful? Yes, methinks I hear thee say, and thou hast spoken rightly, for it is beautiful, yes, strangely beautiful. And how lovingly the bright rays come, bearing with them pure thoughts, and steal far down into the inmost depths of our souls, lighting them till they can almost pierce the earthly veil that shades them, and gazing upward through yonder unclouded portal, see the heavenly isles that are lying beyond. This earth presents many a glorious scene, yet for all that we are never satisfied, and there always is an indefinite longing in our souls for something higher and nobler. We seek for an ideal in which all our aspirations can be realized, and though we feel that it cannot be with us here, yet there is something that whispers to us that we shall find it in the spirit world!

There! the sun has given his departing look, and gone away to sleep in the silent mansions of beauty, but he has left the impress of his presence on the sky, and as we look upon its fading tints we know that he has been there. Shall I not tell thee a story? Yes, methinks again I hear thee say. A sunset scene always speaks to me of death and its mysteries, and so I will tell thee how the light faded from a life-lit lamp, and

how it passed away to be relit on a brighter shore, where could burn on with a holy and undying flame. Oh, a sweet blue eyed child was Ellen Lee, and her soft ringlets which fell so lightly over her neck, must have been given her from an angel's hands, for they were very much like those which I imagine float over their placid brows. How shall I describe their color? Do you not see those floating rays where the shades of twilight have crept in among them, changing them to a soft, golden brown? Oh, her ringlets were shaded so very much like those, that I can almost imagine I can see the floating and mingling with their mellow lines of light. Little thoughts found a home in her young soul, and long before she could speak them they would find a silent utterance through her blue eyes. And when she had learned to utter words and thoughts, how beautifully they fell from her mouth, for her voice was as sweet and as silvery as the music of a gentle stream, that goes flowing along over moss covered stones. Some when they saw her would stoop down and kiss her snowy brow, and then turn away with a deep sigh, and say that "as fair a bud must be transplanted to a heavenly clime, ere it could unfold its delicate leaves." She was naturally of a fine and delicate constitution, and anxiously and tremblingly did her parents watch over her, but as year after year passed by, and she continued to grow more lovely and beautiful, they thought that perhaps she might be spared to them. And they lulled their fears, and as they looked on her glistening eyes, and carmine cheeks, in their hearts they grew proud of her beauty. Ah! they little knew that the hand of the destroyer was even then upon her, and that just as the blossom was unfolded, it would be called away to breathe its fragrance on heavenly air. Courtied and caressed by all, she was happy. Hers was a heart of love, and it remained unchanged. Perhaps as it grew older, the capacity of giving out deeper and more earnest love was given it, but it ever remained as pure and unsullied as when it first throbbed in her little bosom. And did that loving heart still remain her own, thou askest. Oh no! how could it? As I have said before, it was a heart made of life, and filled with generous emotions, and so one bright moonlight eve she gave it all away to the fostering care of her chosen one.

Clarence Linton was a poet. Young, enthusiastic, and great lover of the beautiful, he was ever on the alert to discover the beauties which nature had spread out before him. The green earth with its blooming flowers—the blue sky, with its hosts of fleecy clouds by day, and its galaxy of stars by night—each had a miniature in his soul; and the low breathed zephyr and the singing stream, alike thrilled the chords of his being, and uttered notes in harmony with their gentle music. But when he saw Ellen Lee, he thought that never were there skies bluer or stars brighter than her soft eyes, and that never were clouds more beautifully tinted than were her waving tresses. And when her voice fell upon his ears, it sounded to him far sweeter than did ever the music of breathing zephyrs, or singing waters. He never even dreamed that the impress of the soul was so nobly stamped upon his brow as hers, but he knew there never could be a heart more capable of a fervent love than his, and he too well knew that all its love was hers. He dared not hope of ever being able to win her as his own, but once he dared to dream of it, and even ventured to speak of it to her, and then she told him how even unasked she had given her heart to him. And never was there a poet received a nobler gift than he. They were affianced, and then a month glided swiftly by, and Ellen was arrayed for the altar. She looked very lovely with the light drapery of her snowy muslin floating about her, and with a chaplet of orange blossoms, which nestled like timid birds amid her tresses, resting upon her head. Her eyes sparkled with more than their wonted lustre, and a deeper hue rested upon her cheeks, but her countenance wore a saddened expression. 'Twas at the hour of the sun's going down that she stood at the window with Clarence by her side. They were watching the tints as they deepened, and faded in the sky, and as the last one died away a soft light stole from it and rested full upon her brow. A few moments it lingered there, seeming to grow brighter, then suddenly it wavered and melted away. Ellen bowed her head upon his shoulders and wept bitterly. "Why sad on thy bridal eve, my own, my beautiful," he fondly asked, as he clasped his arm around her waist. "Clarence," she answered, "did you not see that ray of light? How suddenly, yet how gently, it passed away! Strange though you may think, yet it came to me as a silent emblem of the passing away of my life. I have a sad presentiment that I shall not be spared long to love you here. A gentle voice is even now speaking to my soul, and calling it up to the spirit world. 'Twas only last night that in dreams an angel came to my side, and imprinting a kiss upon my brow, called me, in tones so soft and musical that I cannot describe them

side of heaven. "Twill be very hard to leave you, dear Clarence, but I fear that I must. I wish not to blind myself the truth, and even if I did, the hectic flush and the low sigh remind me but too plainly of the tomb," and laying her head upon his shoulder she wept aloud. He knew that tears were well fitting when the heart was full of grief, and so he waited until her first ebullitions of sorrow were over, and she grew calm again, and then he sought to enliven her spirits, and to speak to her of a happy future, until he succeeded in lulling her fears. Then taking her hand he led her to the altar. She looked beautiful, yes, too beautiful for earth, and many, as they gazed upon her, whispered as they had done in the days of her infancy, "that the flower must be transplanted."

Another month passed away to the land of shades, and with it the fell destroyer had been fearfully at work upon her system. Again it was sunset, and she lay upon her couch by the window. A pure and holy smile rested upon her pale countenance, and her loved ones as they stood around her, felt that the time for her soul's departure had come. "Clarence dear," she said, "will you draw aside the curtain that I may see the sun go down once more? There, now come and sit down by my side. Do you not remember how but a few weeks ago, as we stood and watched him as he went to rest, I told you that I must die? The time has now come for me to go. Yes, I am going home now. You'll be very lonely without me, Clarence, shall you not? At twilight, when your heart is the saddest, and the tears are in your eyes, then come, beloved, and sit down by the side of my grave, and I will come down from the sky and talk with you. Perhaps your ears will not hear my words, but I will speak them in low whispers to your soul, and I shall tell you that I am speaking. Now kiss me, Clarence, and then farewell, for the angels are waiting."

He pressed his lips upon her forehead, but ere he raised them again, she had passed away and left him in possession of the beautiful temple where an angel spirit had for a time offered its devotion. Long and earnestly he gazed upon her. "She has gone, gone, gone," he said, and cutting off one of the long, drooping curls that fell over her brow, he turned away and wept. Softly they clasped her snowy hands, and then gently laid her in the coffin. They did not confine her curls, but twining a myrtle wreath with them, they let them sweep gently over the coffin pillow. Then taking one last, parting look, they closed the lid over her and laid her in the grave. Every eve, when the shades of twilight came, he would go and sit down beside it, and taking that soft curl from his bosom, he would lay it upon his hand, and resting his eyes upon it, would sweet communion with his departed. 'Twas but a little while that he lingered after she was gone, and so one bright sunny day they laid him down to rest by the side of his heart's cherished one. They placed no marble monument to mark their resting places, but they planted weeping willows around them, and hung Eolian harps amid their branches. Since then many a sunset ray has lingered upon their graves, but they have heeded them not, for in heaven more beautiful than sunset rays have been around them.

I thought not when I began, to have told you so long a tale, and twilight has already come on her sable steed, and chased forth the stars from their hiding places. See yonder bright one as it flashes up so brightly, and then seems to grow still again! How like the human heart! One moment dancing with joy, and the next moving with a slow and mournful motion! Let us stay yet a few moments longer, and look upon it, and then we will away.

Thoughts on Manly Education. No. 3.

Thirdly, it remains to inquire, in a few words "For what end should a manly education be sought?" Such cultivation as we have described should be promoted, because it tends to produce profound scholars, useful patriots and virtuous citizens.

It is well for men of rare endowments that they are generally compelled to serve a rough apprenticeship in that great workshop, the world; it acquaints them as Milton desired, with seemingly arts and affairs, instructs them in the ways of men, and points out the true path to fame; if not to fortune. Feeble minds may not be able to endure the yoke; but to those who have mettle enough to make one efficient, the discipline is wholesome and good. For want of this, too often has been seen

"A fiery soul that working out its way
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.
And o'erinformed the tenement of clay."

Of faultless monsters, unself decoration, sickly refinement and declamatory in action, we have enough. We need energy

of conception more than elegance of execution; Titanic power more than Pygmean polish. But thoughts are not necessarily enfeebled by being gracefully draped. Hercules, with brawny arm and invincible club, may be equally grand in the employment of his strength, while clad in garments appropriate to civilized life. The Temple most admirably proportioned and delicately adorned has a rough and massive foundation to rest upon. The finest spirits generally tabernacle in the firmest bodies. Intellect and Imagination are ever in the closest alliance in the most rugged men. Luther, Galileo, Lord Bacon, Shakespeare, and Spenser; Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Barrow, Howe, Donne and Cowley, blended immense subtilty of mind with great copiousness and fervor of imagery. The abundance of their animal spirits fed the fires of their genius. They carefully read life, books and men; but with equal zeal and constant habit, they communed with flowers, trees, gardens, running streams, soaring mountains, the deep meaning sky of day, and night's vast congregation of stars. They loved nature, and, Actæon-like, saw her virgin beauty in secluded haunts, but were not, Actæon-like, devoured by their own remorseful thoughts, as by ravening dogs. They were too manly in their constitution and culture to succumb to effeminate indulgence; too healthy in the tone of their spirits to pant away life in aimless toils. Tholuck, one of the greatest and best scholars of Germany, recently assigned three reasons for not visiting the United States: "First, the ripeness of our mob spirit, which might endanger his life; secondly, the prevalence of dyspepsia, so peculiar to our students; and thirdly, the want of promenades in our villages and towns." He recognizes the want of innocent recreation among us, the source of many evils which all wise men have occasion to dread.

Again manly education will ensure to the country useful patriots. Men educated in the abstract only, like elegantly-made sun-dials in the shade, may always be fitted for use, but are always useless. Knowledge that is real is practical and useful. It invigorates the mind, and stores it with a profusion of apt allusions and striking illustrations; it exalts the sense of duty, refines affection and ennobles the whole man. Erudite dullness may make a learned orator, but it is the prerogative of animated wisdom to inspire a speaker of consummate power and skill. Graco was smothered by the garments thrown in honor of him; and so the mere book-worm, as Robert Hall has said, may "lay so many books on his brains that he cannot think." Philological pursuits are of great importance, but Sir William Jones has declared that Languages are the mere instruments of learning, and should not be confounded with learning itself.

We estimate the value of a machine not by the glitter of its material or the elegance of its finish, but by its utility in a working state. A man is valuable not only on account of what he has acquired but for what he can perform. We are not in the least disposed to undervalue universities, and other associations of learned men; but it is hard to forget that for nearly all the ripe scholarship and patriotic eloquence of the day, we are seldom indebted to the cloisters for the principal, and never for powerful execution. One must be forcible in order to be influential; he must gain ascendancy over men by penetrating their views, modifying their wishes, and impelling their minds. Eloquence, fresh from the fount of feeling and full of practical wisdom, must fill the soul of the speaker, revealing her presence in the purity, power, and grandeur of his thoughts:

"She clothes him with authority and awe,
Speaks from his lids and in his looks gives law:
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face."

Delicate exotics may flourish best in the close air of secluded conservatories; but the saplings that are to become cedars of Lebanon and oaks of Bashan, require free space, sunshine, and copious rains. It is impossible to know the world through the medium of books alone. The theories of a recluse may be the profound disquisitions of a philosopher, while his practical conduct is that of a fool. It is said that Luther awoke all Europe from the sleep of the libraries. How did he do this? Not by calling around him in solemn seclusion the masters of scholastic subtleties and defunct erudition, but by plunging into the great heart of his country through the living tones of their homely vernacular. He might have debated in Latin till the day of doom, and been triumphantly answered by accomplished champions at Rome in Latin better than his own. But he moved to his great work, not

"to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders;"

He took not the oaten pipe of the classic muse to arouse the world from superstitions and ignorance worse than death; he grasped the iron trumpet of his mother tongue, and in clear, familiar, but startling tones, blew a blast of thunder that shook the nations from Parthenope to the Orkneys. Such men are demanded by the emergencies of our own day. The airy refinement of Pope's verse, and the exquisite but humid beauty of Addison's prose, will not impress the obtuse nerve of modern mind. We need a style formed by the aggregate of higher qualities; the epigrammatic force of Young, the lucid majesty of Chatham, and the gorgeous effulgence of Burke; a style in which the most vivid poetry shall animate ponderous prose, as momentum gives cannon balls their efficacy; a style formed and employed by healthy, liberally-educated men, whose teeming stores of knowledge are patriotically rendered conservative of the public weal.

Finally, we must foster manly education that we may have virtuous citizens. The pursuit of physical energy in agricultural avocations, or otherwise, contributes to the general perfection of our complex being as much as a problem in Euclid or a page in Homer. Agriculture was ever highly esteemed by the ancients in general, and by the Romans in particular; indeed, it was almost the only science among them which produced writers truly original. It is remarkable that the names of many of their most distinguished families, such as Fabius, Lentulus, Piso, Cicero, and many others, were taken from agriculture and from vegetables. It was while they remained a robust bucolic people, that they were eminently fitted for all sorts of stupendous enterprise. In vigor and constancy under privation their legions surpassed all military bodies that were ever organized. One of the finest scholars of modern times, the late William Roscoe, in a letter to a friend, spoke as follows of the relation of agriculture to personal happiness: "This mode of life gave health and vigor to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day, I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labors, and from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were now asked whom I considered to be the happiest of the human race, I should answer those who cultivate the earth by their own hands." Let me here subjoin a beautiful epitaph on an old farmer, written by a renowned Greek poet:

"Earth to thy flowery bosom take in love
Thy ancient worshipper! He led the grove
Of Olives down yon valley's gentle side;
'Twas he who taught the crystal stream to glide
With its low murmur round this bowery vine,
And wreathed its mossy fount with eglantine.
'Twas his pale hand that crowned the hill with corn,
And planted yon peach orchard; where at morn
The winds grew fragrant! Strew thy earliest bloom,
And hallow thy old lover in the tomb."

The improvement of mind and muscle is an imperative duty, and the source of pleasures of a high order; but all that is dearless in the nature, and sublime in the destiny of the soul, proclaims the infinite importance of moral education. Industry is a duty and so is devotion, and both in their place and proportion, equally reflect honor on the name and creation of God.

We especially need men of manly force and principle who shall be the proprietors and cultivators of our national domain. The period is not very remote since those who cultivated the soil of England were slaves, bought and sold with the cattle which they tended. Sir Walter Scott, in his graphic description of one of this class, after depicting the other peculiarities of his costume, adds a trait which speaks volumes as to their condition: "One part of his drees only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening and soldered fast around his neck; so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing; yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved in Saxon characters: 'Gurth, the son of Beauulph, is the born thrall of Cedric.'" We want no "born thralls" in America, and to prevent it we must have every where men of masculine bodies and minds; men acting under the highest motives for the holiest ends.

Labor, severe and wholesome labor, is the great primary law of our being; and the absence of it is a blessing only so far as the fruits of a high state of civilization are snatched from voluptuous appetites, and became consecrated to moral improvement. Every thing connected with wealth, leisure, and refinement should tend to the development and manly cultivation of mankind. The glory of a state consists not in its effeminate luxuries but in its hardy sons; not in its decorated monuments, but in its disciplined men.

"What constitutes a state?"

Not high-raised battlements, and labored mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafers perfumes to pride;

No! Men! high-minded men,

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain;

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrants, while they rend the chain,

These constitute a state,

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill!"

Cincinnati, Sept., 1847.

Agricultural Department.

Good Cows.

Nothing upon a farm is so valuable as good cows. And should be a constant effort of every good farmer to seek the best breeds and to feed in the best manner, for herein lies the source of the best economy. Very much has been accomplished for this important interest, but much remains to be done.

While we are strongly inclined to believe that no better cows can be found—we mean for milk—than selections from the native, we feel quite sure that great advantage is always to be derived from the best importations, provided the best mode of keeping be imported and understood also. For here is the secret—the feeding and keeping of the animal.

The famous Oake cow, owned in Danvers, in this State, may be mentioned as very remarkable; she produced 19 lbs. of butter in a week.

In 1846 her butter was 484 lbs. She was allowed 30 to 40 bushels of Indian meal a year; she had also potatoes and carrots at times.

A cow owned in Andover, in 1846, yielded \$57.38 for market, besides the supply of the family. The keeping was good pasture, the swill of the house, and three pints meal a day.

A cow owned by Thomas Hodges, in North Adams, produced in 1840, 425 lbs. of butter. Her food was one quart of rye meal and a peck of potatoes daily, besides good pasturing.

A cow owned by S. Henshaw, formerly of Chickopee, gave 173-4 lbs. of butter a week, and in one case 211-2 lbs. This was a native without any mixture.

A cow in West Springfield is recorded as having given sixty days 2,693 1-2 lbs. of milk, which is equal to 22 1-2 quarts daily.

A cow owned by O. B. Morris, Springfield, some weeks afforded 14 lbs. of butter, besides milk and cream for the family. Her feed in winter was good hay, and from two to four quarts of rye bran at night. Mr. M. remarks in the account of his cows that "many cows which have been considered as quite ordinary might, by kind and regular treatment, good and regular feeding, and proper care in milking, rank among the first rate."

Joseph P. Cushing, of Watertown, has several native cows which give 20 quarts a day.

Dr. Shortleiff, of Chelsea, owned a cow which gave 21 quarts daily. The Hobart Clark cow, at Andover, gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

A cow of W. Chase, Somerset, R. I., in 1831, gave most of the season 20 quarts of milk daily; averaging nearly 14 lbs. of butter during the season. The Hosmer cow, at Bedford, gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

The foregoing list consists of natives. We may also add that there is now in West Springfield a cow owned by an excellent farmer, which has afforded 19 1-2 lbs. of butter a week. But we are not informed whether this is an unmixed native or not.

In the account which is on record of the famous Cramp cow in England, a remark is made, deserving the notice of all milkers and farmers. "Milk cows are often spoiled for want of patience at the latter end of milking time."

It is said a cow requires two tons of hay in a season—should have from one to two quarts of meal in a day, and a peck of vegetable. Soiling is well adapted for the cow, grass, oats, and corn, cut green, furnish excellent food for the purpose. Carrots are invaluable through the winter.

Springfield Rep.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

AUTUMNAL SONNETS.

TO DEPARTED SUMMER.

Yes, thou art gone, gone all thy blushing flowers,
And mouldering now their faded beauty lies,
And in a voiceless tomb thy sunny hours
Lie buried with the gray old centuries.
E'en now do Autumn's melancholy skies
Bend o'er the woods in russet livery clad,
And through the forest glades the wailing blast
Repeats its hymn in accents low and sad;
Touched by its breath, the withered leaves fall fast;
And lie around in rich profusion cast.
Thus fade our joys in all their boasted pride,
But we may treasure up within our hearts
That glorious hope whose radiance ne'er departs,
That hope to Immortality allied.

THE FADED FLOWERS.

These simple flowers—sad is the simple tale
By them revealed. Their drooping forms and eyes
All rayless, clothed in Autumn's sober guise,
Make desolate our quiet sylvan vale.
For where a thousand bright and beauteous gems
Sprang up and breathed their perfume on the air,
And nightly bowed as if in silent prayer,
Now scarce a leaf clings to the withered stems.
Not profitless the silent lesson taught
By these frail flowers; their lifeless forms impart
Instruction with the gravest import fraught.
How transitory are all human flowers,
That brightly bloom awhile in earthly bowers!

THE WITHERED LEAVES.

More glorious are the leaves now in decay,
Than when they prophesied approaching Spring;
And with what brilliancy they pass away,
While all things else are sad and withering!
Oh, why does such undying beauty cling
To Autumn leaves thus in the hour of death?
Why are they graced with smiles of joyous mirth,
While Summer's roses, blasted by the breath
Of chilly winds, are swept away from earth,
From which they erst received a happy birth?
How emblematic of the dying Christian's hope,
Which with a more transcendent brightness glows,
As evening's solemn shades around him close,
While from afar he sees heaven's shining portals ope!

Utica, N. Y.

JAMES LUMBARD.

Personal Influence.

In the city of Buffalo, N. Y., not many years ago, there was a poor widow, who had several children dependent entirely upon her exertions for support. When she was unable by her own labor comfortably to provide for them, as was frequently the case, she asked alms from her friends that she might be able to keep her little ones together, and train them up, as she desired to do, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This poor woman, in her occasional walks through the streets of the city, had observed a number of vagrant children, apparently without friends or home, and she resolved in her own mind that they should be provided for. She called on several distinguished persons to assist her in procuring a home for these children where they might be properly cared for, believing, as she said, that they might be restored to virtue, and become worthy members of society. But, as you may suppose, she was considered either mad or foolish, and sent away empty. She called upon her clergyman, and pleaded earnestly with

him to aid her in obtaining means, for the protection and reformation of these destitute children. He also thought she must be crazy, and remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her conduct in endeavoring to found an institution for the benefit of others, while her own children were partly dependent upon the charity of her friends for support.

Still she was not discouraged. Her faith and hope did not desert her, and she persevered in her design. She called again upon her pastor, and told him she had visited the jail, and seen there a very young boy, who was consigned upon the charge of arson. She said he was the finest looking boy she had ever seen, and that she must have him under her care. She requested her parson to go to the prison with her, and see if she could not obtain possession of the child. The clergyman at first refused to go, supposing that the errand would be fruitless; but the woman pleaded so earnestly, that he ordered his carriage, and they went together to the jail. He saw and conversed with the boy, and he too became exceedingly interested in the juvenile delinquent. He went with the importunate woman to the magistrate, who, in consideration of the tender age of the boy, gave his consent that the boy should be released and given up to the care of the benevolent, though poor widow. He was set free, and upon entering the carriage with his benefactress, he fell upon his knees at the feet of the woman, and covering his face with his hands, he sobbed aloud. The clergyman enquired of him why he wept. "I can't help it, sir," said he. "This lady is the first person that ever spoke kindly to me since my father and mother died; and then I was a very little boy! I can't help it, sir!"

The clergyman was now satisfied that something must be done to assist the widow; and having involved himself somewhat in the affair, he resolved at once to do what he could to aid her in raising funds, and in procuring a suitable house for her accommodation. Her family soon increased by the addition of several of the destitute children from the streets—the rich and the noble became interested in the enterprise—a splendid building was erected for the accommodation of the children—hundreds of poor orphans have been redeemed through the instrumentality of the "mad or foolish" woman; and now, wherever her history is known, she is universally honored as the founder of the Orphan Asylum at Buffalo!

And the little boy that was found in the prison? He fully justified the hopes that were centered in him. He grew up to be an industrious, virtuous, intelligent and highly respectable man. He became steward of the asylum—thousands of dollars have passed through his hands—and in everything he has been found faithful. He has held several important offices under the city government of Buffalo, and is universally esteemed as an upright and trustworthy citizen.

Freeman and Visiter.

Examples for Boys.

Governor Ritner, who was for some time a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and afterwards Governor of that State, was once a bound boy to Jacob Myers, an independent farmer, who brought him up. While he was Governor, there was a celebration of the Fourth of July, at which Mr. Myers gave the following toast: "Joseph Ritner—he was always a good boy, and has still grown better; everything he did, he always did well; he made a good farmer, and a good legislator; and he makes a very good Governor." All this man's greatness was the result of his being a good boy.

Roger Sherman, in his public life, always acted so strictly from his own convictions of what was right, that Fisher Ames used to say, if he happened to be out of his seat in Congress when a subject was discussed, and came in when the question was about to be taken, he always felt safe in voting as Mr. Sherman did, "for he always voted right." This was Mr. Sherman's character everywhere. But, if we inquire how it came to be such, we must go back to his early life.

Mr. Sherman's character was formed upon the principles of the Bible. And, when he was an apprentice, instead of joining in the rude and vulgar conversation so common among the class to which he then belonged, he would sit at his work with a book before him, devoting every moment to study, that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged. When he was twenty-one years of age, he made a profession of religion. He was as familiar with theology as he was with politics and law. He read the Bible more than any other book. Always, when he went to Congress, he would purchase a copy of the Bible at the commencement of the session, to read every day, and when he went home he would present it to one of his children. Mr. Macon, of Georgia, said of him, that he had more common sense than any man he ever

knew. Mr. Jefferson, one day, as he was pointing out to a friend the distinguished men in Congress, said of him, "That is Mr. Sherman, a man who *never said a foolish thing in his life*." Mr. Sherman was a self-educated man, a shoemaker, and a *Christian*. He was brought up, after the old New England fashion, in a pious Connecticut-family. And, as was the boy, so was the man. If you would be a good man, you must be a good boy. If you would be a wise man, you must be a studious boy. If you would have an excellent character, it must be formed after the model delineated in the Holy Bible. The basis must be a change of heart. The superstructure must be laid up on the principles of God's word.

Anecdotes for Boys.

Fresh Air.

Horace Mann has well said: "People who shudder at a flesh wound, or a tinge of blood, would confine their children like convicts, and compel them, month after month, to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of our children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours a day, the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school rooms. Let any man who votes for confining children in small rooms, and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and if medical aid be not at hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."

Social Affection.—Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat—a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise! To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led! How often in the busy haunts of men are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how in the bosom of the recluse do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint!

Mother and Child.—The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength, as never to be violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth—is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, in all our afflictions, she is our friend. Let the world forsake us, she is still by our side.

A Spark of Love.—We never despair of the man who has one spark of generous love in his bosom. We care not what his affections cluster around, an aged mother or an infant child, a majestic tree or an humble flower—we know he is not entirely lost to humanity—he cannot be totally depraved. We could trust him and feel happy in his society.

If men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars:—In the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospect—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodations provided for the Christian traveller, when he has finished his course.

Rainbow.—The *New Haven Palladium* says that the very rare phenomena of a rainbow in the North at noonday, was seen there on Thursday last with unusual distinctness. The prismatic colors were well exhibited, and the circle was unbroken.

Commander Wilkes, U. S. N., states that the depth of the ocean has never been ascertained. Captain Ross, at 37,000 feet, found no bottom.

Winter.—Though advanced beyond the middle of the first Winter month, yesterday was in fact the first Winter's day. Snow commenced falling liberally early in the forenoon. Before night the sleighing was quite good.—*Syracuse Star*, 18th inst.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

The Winter term of this Institution commenced on Wednesday, Dec. 15, and continues fourteen weeks.

Rev. T. J. Sawyer, M. A., Principal of the Male Department, Teacher of German, and the higher English Branches.

J. W. Round, M. A., Teacher of Greek and Latin.

B. W. Chase, B. A., Teacher of Mathematics.

Miss M. Richards, Principal of the Female Department, and Teacher of French.

Miss J. E. Barker, Teacher of Music.

Miss S. Hutchins, Teacher of Drawing.

Mr. W. McNeal, Teacher of Primary Department for Boys.

Tuition, including room rent, varies according to studies from \$4.50 to \$7.50. Drawing and Penmanship extra.

Board may be had at from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week, according to accommodations.

It is important that students should be present at the commencement of the term.

An Examination takes place on the last Friday of each term.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

EXPLANATION OF THE PARABLES.—The Fourth Lecture of the course will be given to-morrow, in the Bleecker-street Church, corner of Downing. Subject, Matt. vii: 24, 27. "The Wise and Foolish Builders."

FOURTH STREET CHURCH.—Subject of Lecture for tomorrow evening, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," by request.

BR. ABEL C. THOMAS will preach a Christmas Sermon at the Apollo Saloon, next Sunday Morning; and in the Evening he will treat of the prominent works of Christianity, and endeavor to show that they never were wrought, and never can be wrought, by anything besides Universalism. RESULT: the identity of Universalism and Christianity.

THE ATONEMENT.—Rev. J. Ferris will deliver the Second of a series of Lectures on the above subject, at the Hall in Sixteenth street, next Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock.

All the friends of truth, and especially those who are desirous of aiding Liberal Christianity in this district of our great city, are respectfully invited to attend. Seats free.

UNIVERSALIST UNION TEACHERS' SOCIETY.—This Society will hold its regular Monthly meeting at the Orchard street Church, next Monday evening, December 27, at 7 1-2 o'clock. It is desired that every Teacher who can, will attend. Parents, guardians, and all who are interested in the Sabbath School cause, are respectfully invited to meet with us, as subjects will be brought before the meeting interesting to all, and to which all should attend.

E. A. BRISBANE, Secretary.

CHRISTMAS SERMON.—Br. O. A. Skinner will deliver a Christmas Sermon in the Orchard street church on Sunday morning next.

ORCHARD STREET CHURCH—EVENING LECTURES.—Br. O. A. Skinner will deliver the 4th of his Series of Sermons, on Sunday evening next. Subject—The charge that St. Paul preached a STRANGE doctrine. The tract entitled a *Strange Thing* will be noticed, and shown to contain the same charges against Universalism, that were brought against the doctrine of Paul.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday last, by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. CHARLES TAYLOR, to Miss HELEN E. BONNEY, both of Boston.

By Rev. O. A. Skinner, Dec. 17th, Mr. DANIEL McDONOUGH to Miss CATHERINE L. STARR.

In Providence, by Rev. J. M. Cook, Mr. HENRY F. MILLER and Miss FRANCES VIRGINIA, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Geo. Childs.